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ADDRESS

GIVEN AT A MEETING OF THE

Colorado Commandery

OF THE

Military Order

OF THE

Loyal Legion of the United States

DENVER, COLORADO

SEPTEMBER 7, 1909

BY

COMPANION

MAJOR HARRISON HANNAHS

Published by Order of the Commandery.

Col. George R. Swallow,

Commander.

Lieut. Austin W. Hogle,

Recorder.





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PARADIS' PRINT
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Denver, Colorado

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War's Cruelty on the Border.

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."

General Sherman said to the Mayor of Atlanta:
"War is cruelty; you cannot refine it."

My experience and observation in Kansas and Missouri, in the early days and on down through the war, compels me to give unqualified assent to the sentiment thus expressed by General Sherman.

The Kansas-Nebraska bill became a law May 30th, 1854. That law legalized slavery in the territory of Kansas from which it had been excluded since 1820. The Missouri border had been peaceful during all that time, but now the scene suddenly shifted. Within ten days after the passage of that bill the hitherto peaceful border became the scene of wild fanaticism, intimidation and terrorism. The struggle was on to make Kansas a slave state. Freedom upon one side and slavery on the other, with all the power of the national government on the side of slavery.

The world will never know, nor duly appreciate how much it owes to Kansas for the heroic part it played in the great tragedy.

The free state men did not strive for the abolition of slavery in the slave states—only to make Kansas a free-state. For this they prayed; for this they fought; for this they sacrificed. Then began the greatest conflict of modern times, and history, truthfully recorded, will date the beginning of the war of the rebellion, May 30th, 1854, the date when the Kansas-Nebraska bill became a

law. "Years afterward when May 30th was selected as the day for tears and flowers, they who chose it unconsciously set history to music." So Decoration Day becomes the anniversary of the beginning of the Civil War.

The condition of the Missouri border from the beginning of the conflict was unique. The fiery utterances from press and platform inflamed the baser passions of men and urged them on to deeds of death and destruction. History furnishes no parallel with which to compare it! The flaming torch, the glistening bowie-knife and the deadly revolver got in their ruinous and sanguinary work continuously from start to finish. Human passion never before in the annals of time flamed with such relentless and unbridled fury. A complete history of that period will never be recorded in books. It is impossible. The ashes from the torch of the incendiary are silent. The thirsty ground that drank in the blood of the slain cannot speak. The heavens witnessed all the ghastly scenes of cruelty perpetrated in Kansas and Missouri during the eleven years of the terrible struggle, and they are voiceless.

Why should the conditions on the border then have been any different than before the conflict began? What was it that set father against son, neighbor against neighbor, brother against brother?

If the institution of slavery was such a despotic tyrant as to require its votaries to commit every crime in the category—treason, murder, arson, *ad infinitum*—was it not high time that such a monstrosity should be banished from the earth?

I might relate instances in my own experience, and quote from records in my possession, cases of barbarous cruelty and murder until the mind wearies at the recital; and then the half would not be told.

I have said the struggle to make Kansas a slave state began when the Kansas-Nebraska bill became a law. I will now relate some instances corroborating this statement.

June 10, 1854, ten days after the bill passed, a number of Missourians met three miles from Fort Leavenworth and organized a Squatters' Claim Association. They adopted a set of rules for their guidance. I quote two of them:

1st. "We will afford no protection to abolitionists as settlers in Kansas Territory.

2nd. "That a vigilance committee of thirteen be appointed to decide upon all disputes.

A Missouri newspaper called *The Democratic Platform*, in 1854, said:

"We are in favor of making Kansas a slave state if it should require half the citizens of Missouri, musket in hand, to emigrate there and even sacrificing their lives to accomplish so desirable an end." Another Missouri paper, *Western Champion*, responded—"Them's Our Sentiments." The *Kansas Pioneer*, published at Kickapoo, April 1855, said, "The Southern character is not made of material that can stand every insult offered by this God-forsaken class of men, and if the virgin soil of Kansas must be enriched and purified by American blood, we say war to the knife and knife to the hilt and damned be he who first cries, hold! enough."—April 14, 1855. The Parkville Luminary, Geo. S. Park's paper; (Geo. S. Parks was the founder of Parkville, and of Park College), was destroyed and thrown into the river, because the editor criticised Missourians for going over into Kansas and voting. The men who did the job held a meeting and adopted a set of resolutions, one of which was "That we meet here again on this day three weeks, and if we

find G. S. Parks or W. J. Patterson in this town then or at any subsequent time, we will throw them into the Missouri river, and if they go to Kansas to reside, we pledge our honor as men to follow and hang them whenever we can take them." The Annals of Platte Co., by W. M. Paxton, says of Parks, "His dust now reposes at the very spot whence he was banished in life and a colossal marble monument to his honor overlooks the place where his press was submerged." The most pronounced and active of the leaders of the pro-slavery movement in Kansas were Benj. F. Stringfellow and David R. Atchison. Atchison was U. S. Senator from Missouri when the Missouri compromise was repealed, and was the power behind Stephen A. Douglas, who is generally supposed to have been the author of that bill. I will quote from a speech made by Senator Atchison at a sale of lots in the city of Atchison, Kansas, in which he said: "Gentlemen, you make a damned fuss about Douglas, but Douglas don't deserve the credit of the Nebraska bill. I told Douglas to introduce it. I originated it; I got Pierce committed to it and all the glory belongs to me." I will now quote a speech made by Benj. F. Stringfellow at St. Joseph, Mo., March 26, 1855, setting forth the meaning of squatter sovereignty in Kansas. He said "I tell you to mark every scoundrel among you that is in the least tainted with free-soilism or abolitionism and exterminate him. Neither give nor take quarter from the damned rascals. I propose to mark them in this house and on the present occasion, so you may crush them out. To those who have of qualms of conscience as to violating laws, state or national, the crisis has arrived when such impositions must be disregarded as your rights and property are in danger and I desire one and all to enter every election district in Kansas, in defiance of Gov.

Reeder and his vile myrmidons and vote at the point of the bowie-knife and revolver. Neither give nor take quarter, as our cause demands it." Acting upon this advice at the first election for members of the legislature, March 30, 1855, thousands of armed men rushed into the territory from Missouri, took possession of the polls, and run things to suit themselves. Electing only Missourians to the legislature. Only one free state man allowed a seat and he resigned; about 300 of them camped on my claim two miles south of Topeka and voted. The legislature met and adopted the Missouri code of laws which made opposition to slavery a penitentiary offense. Every voter had to take an oath to support the fugitive slave law and the laws of the territory. Resistance to those so-called "bogus laws" was treason. There were no Republicans nor Democrats—men arranged themselves on one side of the line as Free-State and on the other side as Pro-Slavery—the free-state men refused to recognize the bogus laws, would not pay taxes, would obey the mandates of none of their officers. The result was anarchy, the leaders of the free-state party were indicted for treason, imprisoned, murdered, their homes destroyed, their presses burned.

Andrew H. Reeder, appointed by President Pierce the first territorial governor, in his sworn testimony before the congressional committee in 1856, says: "At the election of the 30th of March more than one-third of the election officers were, as I believe, pro-slavery men. Anticipating, however an invasion of illegal voters from the state of Missouri, I was careful to appoint in most of the districts, especially in those contiguous to Missouri, two men of the free-state party and one of the pro-slavery party. Notwithstanding all my efforts, however, at fair and impartial action, my person and my life were contin-

uously threatened from the month of November, 1854.
* * * The election was held on the 30th of March, as ordered, and an invading force from Missouri entered the territory for the purpose of voting, which although it had been openly threatened, far exceeded my anticipations. About the time fixed as the return day for that election a majority of the persons returned as elected assembled at Shawnee Mission and Westport and remained several days, holding private caucuses at both places. I had frequent conversations with them and they strenuously denied my right to go behind the returns made by the judges of election, or investigate in any way the legality of the election. A committee called upon me and presented a paper signed by twenty-three or four of them to the same effect. Threats of violence against my person and life, were freely afloat in the community and the same threats were reported to me as having been made by members-elect in their private caucuses. In consequence of its being reported to me that a number of the members in their caucuses in their speeches had declared that they would take my life if I persisted in taking cognizance of the complaints made against the legality of the elections, I made arrangements to assemble a small number of friends for defense, and on the morning of the 6th of April I proceeded to announce my decision upon the returns. Upon the one side of the room were arranged the members-elect, nearly if not quite all armed, and on the other side about fourteen of my friends, who, with myself, were also well armed."

May 5, 1856, the grand jury of Douglas county recommended that the newspapers *Herald of Freedom* and *Kansas Free State* and the Free State Hotel in the city of Lawrence be abated as nuisances. It also indicted several prominent free-state men, among them Charles

Robinson, afterwards governor, and Gov. Andrew H. Reeder, then territorial governor, for treason. May 7th, two days afterward an attempt was made to arrest Governor Reeder, but by the aid of friends he escaped by way of Kansas City, disguised as an Irish deck-hand on a steamboat. In the meantime Sheriff Jones had arrested a number of others who had been indicted for treason against the bogus laws and placed them in confinement at LeCompton. A few days after, Atchison with a large posse from Missouri camped on Mount Oread, overlooking the city of Lawrence, prepared with artillery to abate the alleged nuisances referred to. On the 20th of May, 1856, he made a speech to the men of his camp from which I quote: "Men of the South and Missouri, I am proud of this day. I have received office and honor before, I have occupied the vice president's place in the greatest republic the light of God's sun ever shone upon, but ruffian brothers (yells) that glory, that honor was nothing—it was an empty bubble compared with the solid grandeur and magnificent glory of this momentous occasion. Here on this beautiful prairie bluff with nought but the canopy of heaven for my covering, with my splendid Arabian charger for my shield, whose well tried fleetness I may yet have to depend upon for my life unless this day's work shall drive from our western world the hellish emigrants and paupers, whose bellies are filled with beggars' food and whose houses are stored with Beecher's Bibles." This speech was reported by Dr. J. P. Root, whom I knew personally and who was a political prisoner in that camp at the time. The next day, May 21, Sheriff Jones, in obedience to the indictment of the grand jury, destroyed the Free State Hotel; *Herald of Freedom* and *The Kansas Free State*, Atchison firing the first shot from the cannon on the bluff. During the

burning of the block Sheriff Jones made a speech, he said: "Gentlemen—this is the happiest day of my life, I assure you. I determined to make the fanatics bow before me in the dust and kiss the territorial laws, I've done it! By God, I've done it!"

It will be noted that the sentiments expressed by Atchison, Stringfellow and others were not all *political buncombe*. Inflammatory speech led on to violent deeds. April 30, 1855, the vigilance committee at Leavenworth gave notice to William Phillips, an active free-state lawyer in that city, to leave the territory. He refused and on the 17th day of May was taken to Weston, one side of his head shaved, stripped of his clothes, tarred and feathered, ridden on a rail for a mile and a half and a negro auctioneer sold him for a dollar. Stringfellow in his paper at Atchison said "Let us begin to purge ourselves of all abolition emissaries who occupy our dominion and give distinct notice that all who do not leave immediately for the East will leave for eternity. Phillips was afterwards murdered in his own home, September 1, 1856, by a gang of ruffians led by one Fred Emery, his blood spurting upon the garment of a bride who was the guest of the family at the time. August 16th, 1855, Rev. Pardee Butler was placed on a log at Atchison and shipped down the Missouri river. He had previously declared himself a free-state man. A flag was placed on the log bearing the mottoes: "Eastern Aid Express; Greeley to the rescue; I have a nigger; Rev. Mr. Butler, agent to the Underground R. R." Butler was told not to return. He did return, however, to Atchison April 30, 1856, he was stripped, tarred and for want of feathers covered with cotton. He escaped hanging by one vote. Stringfellow in his paper, *The Squatter Sovereign*, August 28, 1855, said: "We can tell the impertinent scoundrels of

The New York Tribune that they may exhaust an ocean of ink, their Emigrant Aid Societies spend their millions and billions, their representatives in Congress spout their heretical theories till doomsday. And his excellency Franklin Pierce appoint abolitionist after free-soilers as governor. Yet we will continue to tar and feather, drown, lynch and hang every white-livered abolitionist who dares to pollute our soil."

October 25th, 1855, Samuel Collins, free-state man killed by Patrick McLaughlin at Donipán, murderer not punished.

On the 21st of November, 1855, F. M. Coleman, a pro-slavery man, shot and killed C. W. Dow, a free-state man, near Hickory Point, Douglas county. Dow was unarmed and passing Coleman's house on his way to Jacob Branson's, with whom he lived, when Coleman came out and without provocation, save that he was a free-state man, shot him dead. This produced intense excitement, the free-state men held a meeting where Dow was killed. Branson attended the meeting; Sheriff Jones, instead of arresting Coleman for the murder of Dow, on the night following entered Branson's cabin, found him in bed, arrested him at the mouth of a revolver. The only charge against Branson was that he attended the indignation meeting of the free-state men. As soon as the arrest of Branson was known, a party of about fifteen free-state men, led by J. B. Abbott, S. N. Wood, S. F. Tappen, resolved on a rescue and under cover of the night intercepted the sheriff and his posse of fifteen. Upon Jones' approach, Abbott filed his men in line across the road and called a halt, demanding the release of Branson, Jones threatened to shoot Branson if he moved, Abbott, with guns leveled at Jones, called upon Branson to come over with them, Branson rode

over to the side of his rescuers and Abbott and his party rode on towards Lawrence. As they reached Abbott's house, Mrs. Abbott came out and assisted Branson, who was an old man, quite heavy, to alight from his mule upon which he was riding without any saddle, and led him into the house. He was very feeble and could hardly walk. Jones, after threatening to bring 1,500 men from Missouri within ten days and re-take Branson rode off with his posse to Franklin and sent messages to Colonel Boone at Westport, Mo., for men. A few days thereafter from 1,500 to 2,000 men came up from Missouri and camped at Franklin, a few miles from Lawrence, and threw their pickets out in every direction. So it was not safe for free-state men to go outside Lawrence unarmed alone; they were in danger of being shot down. General Lane had command of the free-state forces in Lawrence. They were short of ammunition and Lane, considerably excited, said to Mrs. G. W. Brown, the wife of the proprietor of *The Herald of Freedom*, and Mrs. S. N. Wood, "I do not know what we are going to do, as we have not enough ammunition to make a show of defense." Mrs. Brown replied that her father, living about twelve miles south of Lawrence, had a keg of powder and she would go after it in the morning if she had a horse and buggy. Turning to Mrs. Wood she said, "Will you go with me?" and she assented. Early the next morning the two brave women prepared for the hazardous journey. They arranged a large work basket with a large medical book and some knitting work. These they placed in the rear of the buggy seat and started. They drove out to Blanton's bridge, passing that over a mile on the other side they saw two mounted scouts watching them very closely. Mrs. Brown got out to adjust some part of the harness.

Then the men, doubtless thinking they were all right, turned and rode away. About two miles further on they met two men on foot. Mrs. Brown turned to them and inquired how far it was to Mr. Burgess. He was her father's pro-slavery neighbor from Missouri. After giving them the directions they passed on, and soon reached Mrs. Brown's father, Mr. Salem Gleason. They borrowed of the mother two small pillow slips into one of which they emptied the small keg of powder, which Mrs. Brown tied about her person, under her outside dress. The day was cold and they both put on extra dresses before starting. After enjoying a good dinner they started on their return. Finding an empty whisky flask they took the precaution to have it filled with milk at Mrs. Gleason's and placed it on the big work basket. On their way they stopped at Major Abbott's, where Capt. J. E. Stewart and Howard Dickson had buried on Major Abbott's farm some ammunition in an old trunk, with the half of a large keg of powder. These were unearthed and with the help of Mrs. Abbott, all but the keg of powder and two large packages was adjusted about their persons. The caps and cartridges, bullet molds and gun wipers were put up their sleeves, in their pockets and dress waists. The bars of lead they stood up in their stockings; the keg of powder and other packages they turned over to Howard Dickson who was going with a yoke of oxen and wagon to Lawrence. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Wood, when ready to start found they were unable to get into the buggy with all their munitions of war. But Mrs. Abbott and the boy went to their assistance; they drove back across the Wakarusa, when they suddenly discovered that they were being closely watched by two men. Mrs. Brown said to Mrs. Wood: "They are coming." One of the men rode

up to the side of the buggy and scrutinizing it closely, he said, "Excuse me, ladies, I thought you were men. We have orders to let no man pass this road to Lawrence." Mrs. Brown replied, "We have been out to Mrs. Burgis." They drove very slowly on a walk, the other man rode in back of the buggy, dismounted and stood with one foot in the stirrup, seemingly ready to fire on them. The other man seeing nothing in the buggy but the bottle of milk and the big basket, went back to his companion in the road. After a short consultation they rode back to the boy with the ox team, whom they stopped and searched, but finding nothing, rode away. Here was strategy from start to finish, which few men could have planned and carried out as successfully. The women walked the horse very slowly, as if indifferent to the conduct of the two men until beyond their reach, when the old horse was vigorously plied with whip and away they went at top speed into Lawrence. The anxious citizens welcomed them with cheer after cheer. Here again they were too heavily loaded to be able to get out of the wagon alone—willing hands lifted them out and assisted them into Mrs. Wood's house, where they soon divested themselves of the implements of war. I relate this story to give you an example of the courage and heroism of the women of Kansas in those dark days—days when the black cloud portentous of the impending storm was hovering nigh; days when freedom's bright star was *just* twinkling in the twilight; days when it seemed that right was on the rack and wrong was on the throne; days when free-state men, and women too, stood for the right as God had given them to see the right, in the sublime faith that truth crushed to earth would rise again. Excitement ran high, a hasty call was sent out to the free-state men in the territory to rally at Law-

rence. 100 men from Topeka came to Lawrence and re-inforcements from other localities rushed into Lawrence. General Richardson and Colonel Boone from Missouri held conferences with General James H. Lane, Chas. Robinson and other leading men in Lawrence, with Gov. Shannon and a treaty of peace was signed and the threatened conflict averted. The ladies of Lawrence used to meet in Mrs. S. N. Wood's little "shack" cabin, daily and nightly in one room, with its loose, open floor, through which the wind would creep, to make cartridges; their nimble fingers keeping time with each heart-beat for freedom, so enthusiastic were they in aiding the defense of the town. Mrs. S. N. Wood, widow of Samuel N. Wood, resides in Denver and has very kindly aided me with valuable historical matter for this paper. I am indebted to her for much unwritten history of those trying days. December 6th, 1855, Thomas W. Barbour, free-state man was murdered. Barbour with his brother Robert and his brother-in-law, Thomas Pierson, were returning home from the defense of Lawrence, and when four miles south-west of Lawrence, they met twelve horsemen who were going to Franklin. Two of the twelve rode out from the others and asked Barbour where he had been. He replied, "to Lawrence" and rode on; but the deadly bullet or bullets, for there were two shots fired into his back, brought him down, and as he fell to the ground he said, "O God! I am murdered." He never spoke again, one ball passing through his body. The men who fired the cowardly shots at the unarmed Barbour were Major Geo. W. Clarke, Indian Agent, and Col. James N. Burnes (since member of Congress from Platte Co., Mo.) Both claim the honor of the job. The report of the Congressional Committee on Kansas claims, 1861, Page 17, says: "The

chief guilt must rest on Samuel J. Jones, sheriff. He said Major Clarke and Mr. Burnes both claim the credit of killing that damned abolitionist and he didn't know which ought to have it." Barbour's body was taken to Lawrence and lay in state in the Council Chamber of the Free State Hotel. Chas. Robinson and Gov. Shannon and his suite, Col. Boone of Westport, Mo., entered and viewed the silent dead. The governor, as his eyes fell on the rigid limbs and the death pallor of the young man, who the day before was so full of hope and strength, gave a perceptible shrug of the shoulders. Colonel Boone, as he looked on the lifeless form, said: "I did not expect such a thing as this."

BURIAL OF BARBOUR.

"Bear him, comrades, to his grave;
Never over one more brave
Shall the prairie grasses weep
In the ages yet to come,
When the millions in our room,
What we sow in tears, shall reap.

"Bear him up the icy hill,
With the Kansas frozen still
As his noble heart, below,
And the land he came to till,
With a freeman's thews and will,
And his poor hut roofed with snow!

"One more look of that dead face,
Of his murder's ghastly trace!
One more kiss, O widowed one!
Lay your left hand on his brow,
Lift your right hand up and vow
That his work shall yet be done.

"Patience, friends! The eye of God
Every path by murder trod
Watches, lidless, day and night;
And the dead man in his shroud,
And his widow weeping loud,
And our hearts are in His sight.

"Every deadly threat that swells
With the roar of gambling hells;
Every brutal jest and jeer,
Every wicked thought and plan
Of the cruel heart of man,
Though but whispered, He can hear!

"We in suffering, they in crime,
Wait the first award of time,
Wait the vengeance that is due;
Not in vain a heart shall break,
Not a tear for Freedom's sake
Fall unheeded—God is true.

"While the flag with stars bedecked
Threatens where it should protect,
And the law shakes hands with Crime,
What is left us but to wait,
Match our patience to our fate
And abide the better time?

"Patience, friends! The human heart
Everywhere shall take our part,
Everywhere for us shall pray;
On our side are Nature's laws,
And God's life is in the cause
That we suffer for today.

"Well to suffer is divine;
Pass the watchword down the line,
Pass the countersign, "Endure."
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
Is the victor's garland sure.

"Frozen earth to frozen breast,
Lay our slain one down to rest;
Lay him down in hope and faith.
And above the broken sod,
Once again, to Freedom's God,
Pledge ourselves for life or death.

"That the State whose walls we lay,
In our blood and tears, today,
Shall be free from bonds of shame
And our goodly land untrod
By the feet of Slavery, shod
With cursing as with flame!

"Plant the Buckeye on his grave,
For the hunter of the slave
In its shadow cannot rest;
And let martyr, mound and tree
Be our pledge and guaranty
Of the freedom of the West!"

—Whittier

January 17th, 1856, Capt. Reese P. Brown, free-state, murdered at Easton, Kans., by a pro-slavery mob. Brown had three cracks in his skull from a hatchet, and the ruffians spit tobacco juice in his wounds because "anything would make a damned abolitionist feel better." Easton is a few miles from Leavenworth. The *Kickapoo Pioneer*, a pro-slavery sheet, on the 18th of January, 1856, issued an extra from which I quote: "Forbearance has now indeed ceased to be a virtue, therefore we call on every pro-slavery man in the land to rally to the rescue. Kansas must be immediately rescued from these tyrannical dogs. The Kickapoo Rangers are at this moment beating to arms. Sound the bugle of war over the length and breadth of the land, and leave not an abolitionist in the territory to relate their treacherous and contaminating deeds. Strike your piercing rifle-balls, and your glittering steel to their black and poisonous hearts."

Thomas H. Gladstone, a cousin of Wm. E. Gladstone, the premier of England, wrote a book entitled: *Kansas—Squatter—Life and Border Warfare in the Far West*. In 1856 he was correspondent of the *London Times*. The general excitement about Kansas induced him to make a tour of the territory. He says: "I had just arrived in Kansas City and shall never forget the appearance of the lawless mob that poured into the place (it was after the Sacking of Lawrence, May 21, 1856), inflamed with drink, glutted with indulgence, of the

vilest passions, displaying with loud boasts the plunder they had taken from the inhabitants and thirsting for the opportunity of repeating the sack of Lawrence in some other offending place." "Having once been taught that robbery and outrage, if committed in the service of the South, were to be regarded as deeds of loyalty and obedience, these ministers of a self-styled law and order were slow to unlearn a doctrine so acceptable."

Near Leavenworth on August 6th, 1856, a ruffian named Fugit made a bet that he could have a Yankee scalp before night. He got a horse, rode out into the country a few miles and met a German named Hopps. He asked if he was from Lawrence and Hopps replied that he was. Fugit immediately drew his revolver and Hopps fell dead. He dismounted, cut the scalp from Hopps, tied it to a pole and returned to town with the most exulting display of his achievement. When the wife applied for the body, Fugit was one of a party who put her on a boat and sent her down the river. Frank M. Gable of Leavenworth, says life was dirt cheap in those days. It was his father who first came upon the dead scalped body of the man Hopps, the free-stater, who was killed while on his way from Lawrence to Leavenworth, by a pro-slavery man named Fugit.

John Speer says: "The first night I slept upon Kansas soil, September 26, 1854, our small party of emigrants from free states were awakened by demands of where we were from and threats of expulsion, tarring and feathering, hanging and drowning to every abolitionist who dared to enter Kansas. The second night after reaching Lawrence we were called upon to defend Rev. Thomas J. Ferril, a methodist minister who had just arrived with his bride (Rev. Ferril was the father

of Companion William C. Ferril, a member of this Commandery). John Speer was a pioneer newspaper man of Lawrence. He published *The Kansas Tribune*, which was destroyed by Quantrell's gang. They also set fire to Mr. Speer's house, and left it to burn, but Mrs. Speer broke down the two burning doors, scraped the fire into the cellar through a hole burned in the floor, and saved the house. The fiends sought the life of Mr. Speer, after they had brutally murdered his two sons, but failed to discover the place of his concealment. He wrote the life of General James H. Lane. Jo. Shelby, who conducted a rope-walk in Lexington, Mo., suspended his business March 30th, 1855, and with forty of his hands came to Lawrence and all voted for territorial officers. John Speer says he took dinner that day with Shelby at Col. Sam. N. Wood's house, Mrs. Wood expressing some anxiety lest violence on the part of the Missourians should be attempted. Shelby, in a very gentlemanly manner, said, "Mrs. Wood, no mob violence is at all likely to be attempted, and if attempted will only be *over my dead body*." Jo. Shelby afterwards became a noted Confederate General and United States Marshal during Cleveland's administration. Mr. Speer says: "When Jefferson Davis was at the Kansas City Exposition in September, 1876, he happened to meet Gen'l Jo. Shelby in the company of the ex-president of the Confederacy, and he introduced himself to Shelby with the remark, "Gen'l Shelby, I took dinner with you at Sam Wood's house in Lawrence, March 30th, 1855, when you came up to help us vote." He laughed, saying, "I did take dinner at Mrs. Wood's house that day. Well, Mr. Speer, we have all made great fools of ourselves since that day." Mr. Speer spent the latter years of his life with his daughter in Denver, where he died. He

occasionally called upon me here, and we swapped stories of the early days in Kansas. He always called me *General Order, No. 11*. I suppose because my name was signed to that Order.

Referring to Gen'l Shelby in this connection, reminds me of his official report of the part taken by his brigade in the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., December 7th, 1862. If you will pardon the digression, I will give extracts from that unique document, at once picturesque and interesting. He says, "On the evening of the 6th after encamping, and learning the near proximity of the enemy, I doubled my guards, threw out infantry skirmishes in every direction, under the charge of trusty officers and lay down with the conscious satisfaction that neither Federal, Kansas Jayhawker, nor Pin Indian, could surprise us. And if they came they would meet with a bloody and hospitable welcome." * * * "Upon the eventful morning of the 7th, long before the full round moon had died in the lap of the dawn, long before the watching stars had grown dim with age, my brigade was saddled, formed and their steeds champing frosted bits in the cold, keen air of a December morning, ready and eager for the march. After advancing rapidly without intermission for several hours, I struck the trail, hot with the passage of many feet, reeking with the foot prints of the invader." * * * "After riding hard for about an hour, my advance came full upon the foe, and with the mad, fierce whoop of men who had wrongs to right, and blood to avenge, they dashed on and away at the *pas-de-charge*." * * * "With the second regiment of my brigade, I also threw forward Capt. Quantrell's Company, and Elliott's battalion of scouts, who joining in the wild halloo, pressed forward eagerly and fiercely, driving the frightened Federals

before them like chaff before the winds of heaven. Still the route continues along the bed of a creek.

Tramp, tramp, along the land they ride,

Splash, splash, along the lea.

The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,

The plashing pebbles flee.

The battle now began with terrific fury. All along the lines the near fire of the infantry rose crash upon crash, the dense smoke filling the air and the wild powder gloom getting darker and darker. This terrible fire soon rippled out in one vast, mighty wave of bullets, that circled and roared like a storm at sea, varied incessantly by the thunder of impatient cannon and the yell of exultant and furious combatants. * * * My skirmishers were steadily driven in, and down to meet them like an avalanche our own infantry swept. They met, the shock was terrible, but broken and rent, our boys drove them back and followed the charge. Again and again they returned to the fight, and again and again were they repulsed with great slaughter. Now the enemy, gathering all his remaining strength, comes back again with unbroken front and steady step. This conflict was intensely hot. Now the combat thickens all along the lines, and death with its black banner on the breeze, nerves each heart and cheers them on to the rough red fray. Bledsoe was there amid his guns, all dirt begrimmed and powder blackened, plying his lurid torch where balls would send or powder search. * * * Night had closed the march of death, and the idle breeze now gave no murmur back to tell of what had been passing but a few brief moments before, when—

Our bugles sang truce and the night cloud had lowered,

And the sentinel stars kept their watch in the sky;

When thousands had sunk to the earth overpowered,

The weary to sleep, the wounded to die."

Permit me to say in passing that it was my Regiment, the 11th Kansas, Col. Thomas Ewing, Jr., commanding, that formed the center of the Union line of battle in the final charge of that day, which Gen'l Shelby here describes, supporting Rabb's battery on the left and Terry's battery of 10-lb. Parrot guns on the right, and I can say from experience that Shelby's graphic description of the final charge, which was just at dark, is not overdrawn! Just as the battle was hottest, I observed a colored boy standing in the rear of my company. I said to him, "Where did you come from?" Without making any direct reply to my question, he jumped up and down, slapping his sides with his hands, shouting, "Bress the Lord, Ise free, Ise free."

Hitherto there had been no organized effort by the free-state men to resist the aggressive action of the border ruffians from Missouri. The scene again shifts—Free-State men organize, Old John Brown joins his sons on the Pottawattomie, October, 1855, and he and his four sons, son-in-law and neighbors prepare to "fight fire with fire." Forbearance had ceased to be a virtue. The time had passed when smitten on one cheek to turn the other cheek. John Brown lived right in the hot bed of the pro-slavery nest. May 23rd, 1856, he with his company of free-state men, while on their way to the defence of Lawrence, were overtaken by a messenger telling of outrages perpetrated on their families the night before by pro-slavery men on the creek. Brown with his company returned by a hasty march to their homes with vengeance in his heart. He took the men who had committed the outrages on his family and others on the creek and sent them out of the territory by way of eternity. Six of them on the plea of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." This act put a stop for a time to

attempts to drive out the free-state settlers. John Brown's policy enabled the free-state settlers to stay and by staying saved Kansas to freedom.

Lawrence, in the eyes of the pro-slavery party, was Kansas—to destroy Lawrence was to destroy the free-state party in Kansas. Lawrence was destroyed or besieged three times before the Quantrell massacre, viz: December, 1855, May, 1856, September, 1856. Osawatomie was raided and robbed by 150 Missourians June 6th, and destroyed by 500 Missourians, August 31, 1856.

The Marais des Cygnes massacre occurred May 18, 1858. This tragedy has been rendered immortal by the Quaker poet in his beautiful poem "Le Marais des Cygne." I will quote from a paper written for the Kansas State Historical Society by Ed. R. Smith, Mound City. "Capt. Hamilton rallied about 500 men at the old town of Papinsville, Mo., and marched them up to the border of Kansas. As night drew on a halt was made for rest and refreshments and to make final arrangements for descent upon the unsuspecting settlers in the beautiful valley surrounding the historic Trading Post. The men had ridden many miles without food and blankets and were tired and hungry, and besides they were on the border of hated Kansas and were sure Capt. Montgomery with his Jayhawkers could not be far away. The sharp, rapid barking of a couple of coyotes in the distance sent a thrill of alarm through the ranks; some were sure that the howl of the wolves was signal of the Jayhawkers. A panic was imminent. The more resolute swore at the timid. Capt. Hamilton in a rage mounted his horse, rode out of the mob, calling on the "bloody reds" and any others to follow him. At this, about thirty of the bloodthirsty devils rode out and away over the border after their cold-blooded commander.

The remainder of the border ruffians, like the wolves of the border they were, before day break on that eventful May morning disappeared and were heard of no more. Hamilton with his cut throats rode into Trading Post about nine o'clock in the morning of that bright May day. He captured several prisoners there, all of whom he released, except John F. Campbell, a clerk in the store at the Post. With Campbell he proceeded on the road to West Point, Mo. Scarcely a mile out they came up with Rev. L. B. Reed, a settler, and well known to Hamilton. Reed at the time was engaged in conversation with Wm. A. Stillwell, a free-state settler from near Mound City, then with his wagon and team on his way to Kansas City for a load of goods. With these two was a young and intelligent Irishman, Patrick Ross, whose home was on the Osage river in Bourbon Co. Capturing the three of them, Hamilton, with his four prisoners, moved eastward to the vicinity of his former claim. His next capture was Amos C. Hall, who was found sick in bed in his cabin. He was ordered up and out, scarcely able to stand, yet, under the excitement of threats of instant death he was able to join the other prisoners. Thus five prisoners were driven on foot to the home of William Colpetzer, whose home joined that of Hamilton. Colpetzer was added to the number of prisoners, as he refused to run, as his wife begged him to when he first saw armed men coming. Turning northward a mile, Michael Robinson was captured and one Charles Snyder, a former acquaintance of Robinson in Illinois, then visiting at Robinson's; thence another mile northwest where an old man, William Hairgrove, and his son Asa were captured while at work in their cornfield. Austin W. Hall was next taken as he was returning with the "brown oxen" from Snider's black-

smith shop. Not one of these men had arms with them, with few exceptions all were well known to Hamilton and many of his gang. They had never taken part in the differences between free-state and pro-slavery men. These unoffending men, guilty of no offense, charged with no crime but that of being free-state men, were hurried on—

“From the hearths of their cabins,
The fields of their corn,
Unwarned and unweaponed,
The victims were torn.
By the whirlwind of murder
Swooped up and swept on
To the low, reedy fen-lands,
The Marsh of the Swan.

Into a deep gorge of the meandering mounds, these eleven victims were hastily driven, and there ordered to fall in line, facing east, which they did.

“With a vain plea for mercy
No stout knee was crooked;
In the mouths of the rifles
Right manly they looked.”

Hamilton, without further comment, ordered his men to form in front of their victims on the side of the ravine and a little above them. Old man Hairgrove, seeing the preparations for the murder, without a tremor in his voice said: “Men, if you are going to shoot us take good aim.” Hamilton at this gave the order to “make ready, aim, fire!” Fort Scott Brockett, at this, wheeled his horse out of the line and with an oath declared he “would shoot them in a fight, but, by God! I’ll have nothing to do with such an act as this.” It was with difficulty that Hamilton brought his gang again into line, then again gave the order to fire, firing the first shot himself. The entire eleven men in that line went down before the deadly fire of their murderers.

As soon as the smoke from the firing arose it was observed that some of their victims were not dead. Hamilton dismounted a portion of his gang with orders to finish the job. Ending his order with "By God, dead men tell no tales." Colpetzer was not dead. He piteously begged to be spared to his wife and two children—a pistol ball went crashing through the poor man's brain. Patrick Ross was again shot, in order "to be sure the damned Irishman was dead." Others feigned death and lay motionless in the blood flowing from their wounds. Austin W. Hall was not touched in the first fire, but fell with the rest and successfully feigned death. Colpetzer, Ross, Stillwell and Robinson were dead. The others, except A. W. Hall, were each desperately wounded. The pockets of the victims were rifled of all valuables. This being done, Hamilton mounted his command and rode away, and to this day has not been seen or heard of by any one familiar with this bloody crime. He may have gone to that bourne from which no traveler returns.

This was but the beginning of a fearfully bloody ending. The dead were gathered up and all conveyed to a little cabin just north of the Post and laid on the puncheon floor. There beside their dead, during one long, awful night, the widows and fatherless babes sat in sleepless vigil.

"In the homes of their rearing
Yet warm with their lives,
Ye wait the dead only,
Poor children and wives!
Put out the red-forge fire,
The smith shall not come;
Unyoke the brown oxen,
The ploughman lies dumb."

"Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,
O' dreary death train;
With pressed lips as bloodless

As lips of the slain.
Kiss down the young eyelids,
Smooth down the gray hairs;
Let tears quench the curses
That burn through your prayers."

Such were the words of sympathy that came to the stricken ones, fresh from the great heart of the Quaker poet. As true as the arrow of its mark was his soul, as it rose in prophecy in his beautiful poem, "Le Marais des Cygnes: "

"Not in vain on the dial
The shade moves along,
To point the great contrasts
Of right and of wrong.

Free homes and free altars,
Free prairie and flood,
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh
Whose bloom is of blood.

On the lintels of Kansas
That blood shall not dry;
Henceforth the Bad Angel
Shall harmless go by.

Henceforth to the sunset,
Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
The march of the day."

At Trading Post there stands a beautiful marble monument, erected to the memory of our martyred dead, to the erection of which the state of Kansas contributed \$1,000. Beneath its shadow rest the ashes of Colpetzer, Campbell, Ross and Robinson. Stillwell was taken to Mound City and buried there..

Another atrocious murder was the case of Mr. Denton, an old man, living on the Osage river. He was called to his door in the night time and, without warning, his body riddled with bullets. This band of cut throats came from Fort Scott and their object was to intimidate

the free-state settlers along the Osage river. These and numerous other outrages on the peaceful settlers of the territory roused the law-abiding men to action. General James H. Lane organized an army of about 400 men with headquarters at Mound City. This display of force seemed to quiet the excitement for a time, but as soon as Lane disbanded his force, then troubles broke out afresh. Then Col. James Montgomery organized a company of fearless settlers of Linn Co. and took the field in defense of the lives and homes of the free-state citizens. Adopting the tactics of the pro-slavery men and border ruffians from Missouri, he politely informed the leaders of the pro-slavery movement in that region to go and not to stand on the order of their going, but to go at once—and they went, some of them by way of eternity.

Col. John Ritchie of Topeka was one of the prominent men indicted for treason against the bogus territorial laws. He had the reputation of being a good shot. For that reason or some other none of the deputy U. S. Marshals were anxious to risk their lives in an attempt to arrest him. Meanwhile a reward of five hundred dollars was offered for Ritchie's body, dead or alive. A man by the name of Arms of Quindarro was appointed U. S. deputy marshal, it was said, expressly to bring Ritchie's body to Quindarro. Arms went to Topeka determined to arrest Ritchie at all hazards. Arriving there he secured a horse and buggy and, accompanied by a pro-slavery lawyer of that city, drove to Col. Ritchie's house. Ritchie and Harvey D. Rice were engaged in conversation at his gate when the marshal and his attorney drove up. Arms said, "Ritchie, I want you to go with me to Quindarro." Ritchie replied, "I will do nothing of the kind and you just go away and leave me."

Arms began to get out of the wagon and Ritchie went into his house, soon followed by the marshal. Ritchie had just buckled on his revolver belt as the marshal opened the door and entered the room where Ritchie was standing. Arms said, "John, you better go with me." Ritchie said, "I wont do it and you just leave me alone." whereupon Arms, raising his revolver, said, "John, life is sweet, life is dear, and the one who gets it first is the best fellow." Ritchie as quick as a flash drew his revolver and fired and Arms fell dead to the floor. Ritchie went into the next room where his wife and children were, saying "I have killed Arms in there," and left the house and went and hid himself. The next day he came to my home and requested to stay a few days. The U. S. dragoons could be seen riding over the prairies hunting him. A captain and his squad, the night after the killing, went to Ritchie's house and rapped on the door. Mrs Ritchie replied, "What do you want?" The captain said, "I want Mr. Ritchie." She said, "He is not here." He said, "Open the door or I will break it down." She replied, "You open that door at your peril, I have in my hands a double barrellled shot gun loaded with buckshot, and if you attempt to open that door you are a dead man." The captain evidently thought that "discretion was the better part of valor," retired from the scene. I called on Mrs. Ritchie the next day and informed her where her husband was, and she related to me her experience with the U. S. officer. Ritchie stayed at my house, much to the anxiety of my young wife who was unaccustomed to such times, until the excitement had subsided and we started him out on the Underground railroad, the one John Brown took when he and his party left the territory for the last time, to his old home in Indiana. Soon after Kansas was admitted

and the new state officers inaugurated, Ritchie returned to Topeka and was tried before Chief Justice Thomas Ewing, Jr. Ex-Governor Shannon assisting the prosecuting attorney and Gen'l James H. Lane, defending Ritchie. I attended the trial. It was a battle of the giants. Ritchie was acquitted.

During the years in 1858, '9 and '60, the free-state settlers gained rapidly in numbers and consequent strength. They said to the border ruffian from Missouri, "If you enter Kansas again to vote or to drive out free-state settlers, you do it at your peril." The free-state party began the work of forming state constitutions preparatory to admission into the Union as a free state. The pro-slavery party saw plainly that their cause in Kansas was lost and then—and then Sumter.

It has been my object thus far to show the nature of the spirit that prevailed on the border in those days and what that spirit prompted men to do. It is not strange that the seeds thus sown to the wind by Atchison, Stringfellow and others of their kind should have produced the whirlwind. Neither is it strange that their teaching should have produced such characters as Quantrell, the James boys, Tim Reeves, Dick Yeager, Bill Anderson, George Todd and numerous others of their like—"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." That same fiendish spirit that had been developed on the border during all the years of the struggle thus far, continued in all its fury on to 1861 and on, still on until right prevailed and freedom triumphed. That inhuman spirit reached its climax in Quantrell's raid upon Lawrence. That awful tragedy stands out unique in history. I will now quote a few paragraphs from a vivid description of that massacre, written a few days after it occurred by Rev. R. Cordly, D. D., who

was in Lawrence at the time whose house was burned, and whom I knew personally for fifty years, as follows: "Early in the morning of August 21, 1863, Quantrell, with about 300 desperadoes from Missouri, made his murderous attack upon Lawrence, killing and wounding 190 defenseless citizens and destroyed two and a half millions of property. The citizens of the ill-fated city never felt more secure and never were less prepared for defense than the night before the raid. Quantrell had his spies in the city who kept him constantly informed of the situation there before he left Missouri. It is doubtful whether the world has witnessed such a scene of horror, certainly not outside the annals of savage warfare. History gives no parallel where an equal number of desperate men, so heavily armed were let loose on an unsuspecting community. The carnage was much worse from the fact that citizens could not believe that men could be such fiends. No one expected such indiscriminate slaughter when it was known that the town was in their possession, everybody expected they would rob and burn the town, kill all soldiers they could find and a few marked characters. But few expected a wholesale murder. Many who could have escaped, therefore, remained and were slain. For this reason the colored people fared better than the whites. They knew the men which slavery had made, and they ran to the brush at the first alarm." A gentleman who was concealed where he could see the whole, said the scene presented was the most perfect realization of the slang phrase—"Hell let loose," that ever could be imagined. Most of the men had the look of wild beasts, they were dressed roughly and swore terribly. They were mostly armed with a carbine and with from two to six revolvers strapped around them. Dr. Cordly says:

"We can only give a few of the incidents of the massacre-specimens of the whole. The scenes of horror we describe must be multiplied till the amount reaches one hundred and eighty, the number killed or wounded." After describing several individual instances of cruelty, Dr. Cordly says: "These are a specimen of cruelty to which savages have never attained. But even the fiendishness of these deeds was surpassed. Mr. D. W. Palmer, one of the early settlers of Kansas, kept a gun shop just south of the business part of the town on the main street. His position prevented escape, but he and his shop were spared till near the last. As a large gang of drunken rebels were going out, they came upon the shop. Mr. Palmer and another man were standing by the door. The fiends fired upon them, wounding both, and then set fire to the shop. The shop being old and of wood without plastering burned rapidly. While it was burning, the rebels took up the wounded men, bound their hands together and threw them into the burning shop. A woman, who was standing on the opposite sidewalk, says she saw the poor men get up among the flames and endeavor to come out, but were pushed back by the guns of the torturers. The fire having consumed the bandages from their hands, she saw Mr. Palmer throw up his hands and cry, 'O God, save us!' and then fall lifeless among the embers. The fiends all this time stood around the burning building shouting and cheering, and when the poor men fell dead, they gave a shout of triumph and passed on. Two reliable women in full sight witnessed the scene. As the scene at their entrance into the city was one of the wildest, the scene after their departure was one of the saddest that ever met mortal gaze. Massachusetts street was one bed of embers. On this one street seventy-five buildings, containing at

least twice that number of places of business and offices, were destroyed. The dead lay all along the sidewalk, many of them so burned that they could not be recognized and could scarcely be taken up. Here and there among the embers could be seen the bones of those who had perished in the buildings and been consumed. On two sides of another block lay seventeen dead bodies. Early in the morning after the massacre our attention was attracted by loud wailings. We went in the direction of the sound and among the ashes of a large building sat a woman holding in her hands the blackened skull of her husband who was shot and burned in that place. Her cries could be heard over the whole desolated town and added much to the feeling of sadness and horror which filled every heart." I will read no more of this sickening description.

About 10 a. m. Quantrell and his gang having satiated their thirst for blood and their greed for plunder, started on their return to their secret haunts in Missouri. On their way they took two of my valuable horses from the tenant on my farm. Quantrell was overtaken by Gen'l Ewing's troops and a running fight kept up until darkness closed the scene.

"Back, steed of the prairies!"

"Sweet song bird, fly back!"

"Wheel hither, bold vulture!"

"Gray wolf, call thy pack!"

"The foul human vultures

Have feasted and fled."

It is not my purpose on this occasion to give a description of the pursuit of Quantrell's gang by Gen'l Ewing's troops, that would require more space than is allotted in this paper. The military district of the border, headquarters, Kansas City, Mo., embraced the eastern portion of Kansas, south of the Kaw river, and the

western portion of Missouri south from Kansas City to the southern border of the state. Jackson, Cass, Bates and Vernon counties, all bordering on Kansas, were among the richest agricultural counties of Missouri. The topography of this region readily lends itself to safe retreat in which the guerrillas took refuge. The Sni Hills, the jungles of the Missouri river bottoms were known in every part by them. Gen'l Ewing, after returning from the pursuit of Quantrell, held a conference with his officers on the question how to rid the Missouri border of these miserable devils. They had no commissary, no quartermaster, no wagon trains; they subsisted off the country, compelling the inhabitants to feed them. They had spies in every neighborhood. As long as this condition of things existed it was impossible to expel them from the border. The only course open to the general commanding seemed to be to depopulate that portion of the district, thus depriving them of their only source of subsistence. The result of the conference was General Order No. 11, which is as follows:

GENERAL ORDERS.

No. 11.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF THE BORDER.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., August 25, 1863.

I. All persons living in Jackson, Cass and Bates Counties, Mo., and in that part of Vernon included in this district, except those living within one mile of the limits of Independence, Hickman's Mills, Pleasant Hill and Harrisonville, except in that part of Kaw township, Jackson County, north of Brush Creek and west of the Big Blue, are hereby ordered to move from their present places of residence within fifteen days from the date hereof. Those who within that time establish their loyalty to the satisfaction of the commanding officer of the military station nearest their present place of residence, will receive from him certificates stating the fact of their loyalty, and the names of the witnesses by whom it can be shown. All who

receive such certificates will be permitted to remove to any military station in this district or to any part of the State of Kansas, except the counties on the Eastern border of the state. All others shall remove out of this district. Officers commanding companies and detachments, serving in the counties named, will see that this paragraph is promptly obeyed.

II. All hay and grain in the field or under shelter in the districts from which the inhabitants are required to move, within reach of military stations, after the 9th day of September next, will be taken to sub-stations and turned over to the proper officers there and report of the amount so turned over made to district headquarters, specifying the names of all loyal owners and the amount of such produce taken from them. All grain and hay found in such districts after the 9th day of September next, not convenient to such stations, will be destroyed.

III. The provisions of General Order No. 10 from these headquarters will be at once vigorously executed by officers commanding in the parts of the district and at the stations not subject to the operation of paragraph I of this order, and especially in the towns of Independence, Westport and Kansas City.

IV. Paragraph 3, General Orders No. 10, is revoked as to all who have borne arms against the government in this district since the 20th of August.

By order of BRIG. GEN'L THOMAS EWING, JR.

H. HANNAHS,
Actg. Asst. Adj. General.

The above order was justified by General Order No. 100, Adjutant-General's Office, Washington, D. C. Perhaps a brief sketch of how this order came to be issued may be of interest: In the beginning of the war few, if any, of the officers were versed in the law and usage of war. In fact there was little literature on that subject available to the volunteer officer. The result was, during the early part of the war, many diverse and conflicting decisions and rulings were issued by the officers in command in different departments of the army. This condition led Mr. Stanton, then secretary of war, to request Francis Leiber, professor of history and polit-

ical economy in Columbia College, to prepare a code of instructions for the government of the army. Professor Leiber prepared at great length a set of rules which was submitted to a board of officers of the regular army, of which Major Gen'l E. A. Hitchcock was president, and approved by the President. The rules thus approved were issued in General Order No. 100, Adjutant-General's Office, Washington, D. C., April 24, 1863. That order has been of force ever since. In justification of Order No. 11, I will quote General Order 100, as follows: "The commander will throw the burden of the war, as much as lies within his power, on the disloyal citizens of the revolted district, subjecting them to a stricter police than the non-combatant enemies have to suffer in regular war; and if he deems it appropriate, or if his government demands of him that every citizen, shall by an oath of allegiance or by some other manifest act, declare his fidelity to the legitimate government, he may expel, transfer, imprison or fine the revolted citizens who refuse to pledge themselves anew as citizens obedient to the law and loyal to the government." General Order No. 11 was enforced to the letter and in a few days Quantrell and his gang sought other fields for their operations. Under Order No. 11 every disloyal person within the limits of the territory named therein was driven out and every loyal person removed into the military stations named in the order. It was a sad sight to see these loyal men with their families pack up their household effects, such as could be taken in wagons, leaving their homes and going into camp at the military stations. It was also sad to see the disloyal citizens going out, many of them not knowing where to go. I never knew where many of them went; I know some of them never returned to their former homes. I never

want to see another scene like that—"war is cruelty, you cannot refine it." It was expected, after the district had been depopulated, that what was left would be destroyed or ruined, hay and grain burned. But I am happy to say such was not the fact. Rigid military surveillance over that region preserved everything. November 20, 1863, about three months after General Order No. 11 was issued, General Order No. 20 was issued under which the settlement of the depopulated district was authorized, and in a short time all the loyal citizens were permitted to return to their homes. The men were organized into small companies, armed and drilled, clothing issued to them and were recognized as state militia. The most of these men were satisfied after it was all over that Order No. 11 was the best thing for them, under the conditions. Driven off the Missouri border, Quantrell with about thirty of his gang went to Harrodsburg, Ky., to continue their guerrilla warfare, and where he and some of his men soon came to grief. A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* says he accompanied Frank James in 1903 to the graves of his comrades who were buried in the Oakland church yard near Louisville, Ky. This correspondent gives the following account of Quantrell's death, in January, 1864: "Quantrell's men killed a farmer in Lincoln county because he protested against exchanging one of his horses for a jaded one of theirs. Capt. Bridgewater, who was stationed at Louisville, hearing of the killing of the farmer, went after the guerrillas. He found part of them at the home of the widow Van Arsdale in sight of Oakland church, where they had stopped for dinner. While under the influence of liquor carelessly they had left their guns in the front yard when they entered the house, and were surprised in this condition by Capt.

Bridgewater's men, James and George Noland, of Jackson Co., Mo., were killed. The remainder of the gang scattered. Quantrell and his party were at the house of Charles Adams, nearby. Hearing the firing he detailed Frank and Jesse James and Lieutenant Rennick to learn the cause. They rode to the top of a hill over half a mile away to reconnoiter. Capt. Bridgewater was standing on the back porch of the Adams house observing the three men on horseback, rested his gun on the lattice work and remarked, "Watch the man on the white horse," and fired. Rennick fell dead to the ground. The next day Quantrell and his men were overtaken by a heavy shower and they sought shelter in the Wakefield barn. Capt. Terrill and his home guards, who were out on a scouting expedition, trailed the raiders to the barn and fired on them, killing two. Quantrell escaped pursued by Terrill's men across a woodland pasture until a shot near the spine felled the outlaw to the ground. As he lay there with uplifted hands, he begged for his life. Capt. Terrill shot at his head, missing it, but cutting a finger and thumb off his left hand. Quantrell offered Capt. Terrill his gold watch and one thousand dollars in gold, \$500 down and \$500 later on, if he would spare his life and parole him. Capt. Terrill wrote the parole, took the watch and \$500 gold, all that Quantrell had with him, left him on the ground and rode away not knowing who he was. Quantrell was soon discovered and carried to the home of James Wakefield where his wounds were dressed by Dr. Isaac McClosky. The wound paralyzed the guerrilla from waist to his feet. Frank James says he and his brother Jesse rode twenty miles to see Quantrell and offered to stay with him till death, but Quantrell replied that they could do him no good and advised them to save them-

selves. They bade him good bye and left him. Quantrell was taken to a Catholic hospital in Louisville, where he died. Frank James says he did not see Quantrell again after he left him at Wakefield's until he attended his funeral and saw his coffin lowered into the ground. Lieut. Rennick and the Noland brothers were buried in the church yard at the Oakland church. This correspondent says he went with Frank James to the spot where Lieut. Rennick was killed, and standing there, Frank told this story. Postmaster W. L. Davis, of Cincinnati, says he knew Frank James and Quantrell very well in the old days. Mr. Davis resided in Spencer Co., Ky., with his father Judge Davis. Mr. Davis also tells the same facts reported above in regard to the circumstances of Quantrell's death and burial. During the first night after Quantrell was wounded, Judge Davis was a watcher at his bedside and Quantrell gave him a locket and a lock of his hair as a keepsake. Years after Quantrell's death, Mr. Scott, of Canal Dover, Ohio, a friend of Mrs. Quantrell, went with her to Kentucky to get proofs of his death. They called upon the superintendent of the cemetery where he was buried and requested that they might open his grave. He kindly furnished men and caused the grave to be opened, and all that was left of the outlaw was his bones and light hair. Mrs. Quantrell recognized the light hair and observed the absence of the bones of one finger and thumb which had been shot off. She took a lock of his hair and some bones and returned to her home. Mr. Scott then wrote to the Secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, telling him that he would send to the society the shin bone and lock of hair taken from Quantrell's grave if he desired, but they must not be exhibited to the public until he was notified of Mrs. Quantrell's death. The

old lady died a few years ago and now the "relics" are on exhibition in the archives of the Kansas State Historical Society at Topeka.

It is a singular fact worth recording, that nearly all of Quantrell's gang died a violent death. In this story of Quantrell's inhuman deeds, I will give only one more scene as vividly described by John N. Edwards, a rebel soldier, in his book entitled, "*Noted Guerrillas, or The War on the Border.*" Quantrell had captured some Kansas soldiers in 1861, and as he always flaunted the black flag, he proceeded to execute the prisoners, and this is the painting by Edwards: "The seven prisoners rode into Missouri from Shawnee town puzzled. When the heavy timber along the Big Blue was reached and a halt was had, they were praying. Quantrell sat upon his horse looking at the Kansans, his voice was unmoved, his countenance indifferent as he ordered: Bring the ropes, four on one tree, three on another! All of a sudden Death stands in the midst of them and was recognized. One poor fellow gave a cry as piercing as the neigh of a frightened horse. Two trembled and trembling is the first step towards kneeling. They had not talked any save among themselves up to this time, but when they saw Blunt busy with some ropes, one spoke up to Quantrell: 'Captain, just a word, the pistol before the rope—a soldier's before a dog's death. As for me I am ready.' Of all the seven that was the youngest; how brave he was! The prisoners were arranged in line, the guerrillas opposite them. They had confessed to belonging to Jennison, but denied the killing and burning. Quantrell hesitated a moment. His blue eye searched each face from left to right and back again, and then he ordered: 'Take six men, Blunt, and do the work; shoot the young man and hang the balance.'

Hurry away. The oldest man there, some white hairs were in his beard, prayed audibly; some embraced. Silence and twilight, as twin ghosts, crept up the river bank together. Blunt made haste and before Quantrell had ridden far he heard a pistol shot. He did not even look up; it affected him no more than the tapping of a woodpecker. At daylight the next morning a wood chopper, going early to work, saw six stark figures swinging in the early breeze. At the foot of another tree was a dead man and in his forehead a bullet hole." This barbarous treatment of their comrades roused the spirit of retaliation in the breasts of the Kansas soldiers across the border. They called seven Confederate prisoners before a drumhead court martial and sentenced them to be shot to death in retaliation. Their graves were dug and they were compelled to kneel down by the edge of the grave, blindfolded, and were shot to death by a detailed file of soldiers. This was war on the border in 1861.

April 4, 1864, Gen'l Ewing assumed command of the St. Louis District, and I was assigned to duty on his staff as acting assistant adjutant-general in charge of the office. In the fall of 1864 Gen'l Sterling Price, with about 10,000 men, made a raid into Missouri. He came up by way of Pilot Knob, which was in Ewing's military district. At Pilot Knob was Fort Davidson, a hexagonal work mounting four 32-pounder siege guns and three 24-pounder howitzers en barbette, supplied with an abundance of small arms and ordnance stores. September 24th our scouts sent in the report to headquarters that Price with his whole army had crossed the line into Missouri, headed towards Pilot Knob. Ewing, with all the available troops in his command, which was 562 old troops and one company of raw recruits, reached

Pilot Knob on the 26th of September, 1864, and immediately planned to give Price a stubborn fight. He knew that with the small force he had, at the best he could only detain Price for a few days at Pilot Knob, and until Gen'l Rosecrans could get re-inforcements enough to keep Price out of St. Louis. On the 26th Price's entire army of 10,000 men and 26 pieces of artillery was camped in Arcadia Valley. On the evening of the 26th, Ewing ordered Major Wilson, 3d Missouri Cavalry, with a small detachment to take position in the gap formed between the two mountains, Shepperd's mountain and Pilot Knob, over beyond which lay Price's camp. At daylight of the 27th the enemy attacked Wilson and drove him back through the gap. Ewing ordered Wilson to form his men on the side of Pilot Knob mountain, and a detachment of the 14th Iowa to take position on the opposite side of the gap along the sides of Shepherd's mountain, thus commanding the gap from both sides, at the same time opening a clear range of the gap from the fort, about 1,000 yards distant. Here an obstinate struggle followed in which the enemy lost heavily in an unsuccessful effort to pass the defile. The four 32-pounders and the three 24-pounders were hurling their deathdealing missiles in fearful havoc through the gap. After two hours the enemy in strong force renewed the attack and drove our troops from the hillsides, and again our troops re-formed and drove the enemy back through the gap. Ewing then withdrew the 14th Iowa within the fort and ordered Major Wilson with his detachment to fall back in front of the gate to the fort. After about an hour, it then being late in the afternoon, Gen'l Marmaduke's division moved rapidly down Shepherd's mountain to the assault, his line greatly broken by the rugged and steep

descent and by the direct fire from the fort; simultaneously with Marmaduke's movement, Gen'l Fagan moved over Pilot Knob in stronger force and less disturbance by our fire, rushed down on Major Wilson's line, capturing him and a number of his men. Gen'l Cabell led the final assault and swept upon the plain in handsome style, yelling and on the double quick. Ewing opened on them at 600 yards from the fort with musketry and canister from seven pieces of artillery. They rushed on most gallantly, the grape and canister swept them down at close range, like grain before the reaper. They would close up, re-form and dash ahead again until the advance reached the ditch, when the attacking forces fled in dismay; what was thus left of them able to run, for it appeared that almost half their comrades lay wounded or dead on the plain. From a soldier's standpoint, that charge was a magnificent sight. But, O! the scene after the battle! T. W. Johnson, surgeon in charge at Pilot Knob, in his official report gives the rebel loss in killed and wounded at 1,500, which is confirmed by later collateral testimony. Four weeks after the battle there were in hospital in Ironton, a few miles from Pilot Knob, Col. Thomas, chief of Gen'l Fagan's staff, three majors, seven captains, twelve lieutenants and 204 enlisted men, representing seventeen regiments and four batteries (seventeen regiments and four batteries gives an idea of the size of Price's army) all dangerously and nearly all mortally wounded. Their dead were buried, the slightly wounded followed Price's army, and the rest of the rebel wounded were sent South under Col. Raines. I have given here somewhat in detail, a report of the battle of Pilot Knob to place before you the probable fact that this was the most sanguinary battle of the war, if not in history.

Ewing had, all told, less than 1,000 men; the enemy's loss was 1,500—*one and a half times Ewing's entire force*. The story of the capture of Major Wilson and six of his command in this battle, and of their treatment while prisoners of war and of their tragic death, is told in the following order:

GENERAL ORDERS.

No. 51.

HEADQUARTERS ST. LOUIS DISTRICT.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., October 26, 1864.

With profound sorrow the Gen'l commanding announces the mournful intelligence of the murder of Maj. James Wilson, 3d Cav., Mo. State Militia, and six of his command. On the 27th day of Sept. they were taken in a fair fight at Pilot Knob by Brig. Gen'l Fagan's command and were subjected to every indignity which malignant cowardice could invent until the first instant, when they were delivered ten miles west of Union, Mo., by order of the rebel field officer of the day, to the guerrilla Tom Reeves for execution. Their bodies were found yesterday, and that of Maj. Wilson, though riddled by bullets and mutilated from long exposure, was identified by the uniform and private and official papers found upon it, as well as by the personal recognition of his associates in service. He was an officer of rare intelligence, zeal, courage, and judgment, and his soldierly virtues were adorned by a purity, unselfishness and integrity of character which won the love, respect and trust alike of his subordinates and superiors. When the war broke out he enlisted the service a private and by that act of devotion to the government severed almost all ties that bound him to family and home. Comrades! Cherish the memory of his resplendent virtues, follow his patriotic example and justly avenge his fiendish murder. Col. J. H. Baker, commanding the Post of St. Louis, will cause the body of Maj. Wilson to be received at the depot with proper escort and will arrange for its burial here with military honors.

By order of BRIG. GEN'L THOMAS EWING, JR.

H. HANNAHS,

Actg. Asst. Adj. General.

Previous to the issuing of this order there were rumors that Major Wilson and his men had been cruelly

put to death by bushwhackers. Gen'l Ewing, greatly exasperated, called the attention of Gen'l Rosecrans, commanding the Department of the Missouri, to these rumors, whereupon Gen'l Rosecrans issued the following order :

SPECIAL ORDERS.

No. 277.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI.

October 6, 1864.

From testimony which cannot be doubted, the Commanding General learns that Maj. James Wilson, 3d Cav., Mo. State Militia, and six enlisted men of his command, prisoners, were turned over to the guerilla Tim Reeves for execution. The provost of the department will send a major and six enlisted men, prisoners of the rebel army, in irons, to the military prison at Alton, Ill., to be kept in military confinement until the fate of Maj. Wilson and his men is known. The men will receive the same treatment Maj. Wilson and his men receive. The Provost Marshal Gen'l is held responsible for the execution of this order.

By command of MAJ. GEN'L ROSECRANS.

FRANK ENO,
Asst. Adj. Gen'l.

When the conclusive evidence of Major Wilson's death was received at Gen'l Ewing's headquarters, he wrote Col. Du Bois, Chief of Staff :

"There is no Confederate Maj. in our possession here, except wounded in hospital. The Commissary Gen'l of Prisoners will probably not turn over one from Alton to you for execution. I therefore earnestly recommend that fourteen privates of Price's army be executed in retaliation. Eight for Wilson, six for his murdered associates.

THOMAS EWING, JR.,
Brig. Gen'l.

The same day, October 25, Joseph Darr, Provost Marshal, sent the following telegram :

HEADQUARTER DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI.

OFFICE OF PROVOST MARSHAL GEN'L.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., October 25, 1864.

Col. J. V. Du Bois, Chief of Staff in the Field:

Please give directions to have the first Confederate Maj. captured forwarded to me without delay. It is now almost certain that Maj. Wilson and his men were murdered and I propose on satisfactory proof of same to shoot instantly their equivalent of rebels in accordance with orders heretofore given me. If no prospect of receiving a rebel major soon as prisoner, will you, as before suggested, telegraph to the Commissary Gen'l of Prisoners to send me one now under his charge, belonging to the command of any of the Confederate leaders now in Missouri.

JOSEPH DARR, JR.,

Acting Provost Marshal Gen'l.

Confederate majors were not numerous about that time, as none seemed to be forthcoming. There were rebel officers captured in the Price raid, who were called majors in their respective regiments, but when confronted by Provost Marshal Darr, denied their rank and were only captains. Failing to get his hands on a real major prisoner, Darr proceeded to execute his orders of retaliation as indicated in the following report:

OFFICER OF THE PROVOST MARSHAL GEN'L.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 29, 1864.

Col. J. B. Du Bois, Chief of Staff in the Field.

COL: I have the honor to inform the Commanding Gen'l that on this day the following rebel soldiers, James W. Gates, 2nd Mo. Cav., C. S. A.; John Nichols, 2nd Mo. Cav., C. S. A.; Chas. W. Minnken, Co. A, Crabtree's Cav., C. S. A.; Geo. F. Burch, Co. B, 3d Mo. Cav., C. S. A.; Harry H. Blackburn, Co. A, Coleman's Regt., C. S. A., were executed by being shot to death by musketry in retaliation for the murder of six men of the 3d Cav., Mo. State Militia, by Tim Reeves, guerillas, and in compliance with Special Orders No. 277, paragraph 12, dated Oct. 6, 1864 I inclose report on the case.

I have the honor, etc.,

JOSEPH DARR,

Acting Provost Marshal Gen'l.

These unfortunate men were taken from Gratiot Street prison in government wagons, each man sitting on his own coffin, to the outskirts of the city of St. Louis, near one of the earth works thrown up early in the war for the defense of the city. Every detail in the plan for the execution of these men was perfect. Six posts, each with a bench attached, were set firmly in the ground in a line about three feet apart. The men were taken from the wagons, blindfolded and seated each on his bench, and arms pinioned to the post. Five paces in front of them were drawn up in two ranks twenty-four picked men, armed with muskets, twelve of which were loaded with ball and twelve with blank cartridges, and so distributed that no one of the men knew whose gun did the deadly work. Standing two paces in their rear was the officer in command. All preparations being ready, the captain, in low, firm tones, gave the command: ready, aim, fire! One volley, one report and six men dead, the blood spurting in streams from each man's heart, so accurate was the aim. As the captain gave the command to fire one poor fellow cried out in piteous tones, "Boys, don't shoot." That cry has rung in my ears through all the years. I stood only a few feet from him. I trust it will never again be my duty to have a part in such a scene. Did Gen'l Sherman exaggerate when he said, "War is hell?" This was grim retaliation under the law of war and in accordance with General Order No. 100, from which I quote as follows: "The law of war can no more dispense with retaliation than can the law of nations. A reckless enemy often leaves to his opponent no other means of securing himself against the repetition of barbarous outrages. All prisoners of war are liable to the infliction of retaliatory measures." And now we come to that part of Gen'l

Rosecrans order to execute a rebel major. Major Enoch O. Wolf, one of Gen'l Marmaduke's officers, was selected by Col. Darr and ordered to be shot to death on Friday, November 11th, in retaliation. On November 8th, three days before the day set for his execution, Major Wolf wrote a very strenuous letter to Gen'l Rosecrans, requesting a suspension of the order. He said, "I ask it as a soldier, I ask it as a gentleman, I ask it as an officer, I ask it as a member of the Masonic fraternity." In the meantime Col. Darr placed Maj. Wolf in irons and proceeded with the arrangements for his execution. Some friend of Major Wolf telegraphed Mr. Lincoln, requesting a suspension of the order. Major Wolf was to be shot on the 11th and on the 10th the following telegraph order was received by Gen'l Rosecrans:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 10, 1864.

Maj. Gen'l Rosecrans, St. Louis, Mo.:

Suspend the execution of Maj. Wolf until further orders, and meanwhile report to me the case.

A. LINCOLN.

In response to this telegram Gen'l Rosecrans wrote to the President a very earnest argument for the execution of Major Wolf, which I will not copy. Mr. Lincoln's tender heart in this, as in so many other similar instances, would not consent to Major Wolf's execution. Thus Major Wolf's life was spared. In compliance with orders dated February 24th, 1865, Major Wolf was sent to City Point for exchange. There were many retaliatory orders issued on both sides during the war, but few of them were ever executed.

Maj.-Gen'l Benj. F. Butter issued some noted retaliatory orders when in command in New Orleans. In

one official report to the Secretary of War, dated June 10th, 1863, he says: "Wm. B. Mumford, when after the raising of the flag of the United States, upon the United States mint by flag officer Farragut, pulled it down, dragged it through the streets, followed by an excited mob, tore it in shreds and distributed the pieces among the gamblers, assassins and murderers, his comrades, was tried, condemned and executed on Saturday the 7th inst. on the spot where he committed his heinous crime." Before the execution of Mumford, Gen'l Butler was threatened with assassination if he executed him. Some prominent people of New Orleans suggested to Butler that if he executed Mumford it would inflame the people to deeds of murder and riot. Gen'l Butler replied that it was his duty to execute the order of the court, no matter how painful nor what the effect would be on the people. President Davis tried in vain to know if the government at Washington approved of Butler's conduct in this matter. Finally he issued his proclamation, from which I quote: "Now therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate States of America, and in their name, do pronounce and declare the said Benjamin F. Butler to be a felon deserving of capital punishment. I do order that he be no longer considered and treated simply as a public enemy of the Confederate States of America, but an outlaw and common enemy of mankind, and in the event of his capture the officer in command of the capturing force will cause him to be immediately executed by hanging, and I do further order that no commissioned officer of the United States taken captive shall be released on parole or exchanged until the said Butler shall have met with due punishment for his crime. That all commissioned officers in the command of the said Benj. F. Butler, be

declared not entitled to be considered as soldiers engaged in honorable warfare, but as robbers and criminals, deserving of death; and that they and each of them be, whenever captured, reserved for execution."

There were many officers of United States captured after that, but none of them were held under this order of President Davis, simply because they were unable to capture and execute Gen'l Butler.

In a public place in the city of New Orleans there stands a granite monument in heroic size. It bears no name. The broad mouth, the classic face, bespeaks the name of Henry Clay. Tradition says Gen'l Butler caused the following inscription to be engraved on that monument—the utterance of Henry Clay: "If I could be instrumental in eradicating the deepest stain, slavery, from the character of our country, I would not exchange the proud satisfaction which I should enjoy for the honor of all the triumphs ever decreed to the most successful conqueror." Compare this utterance with that of David R. Atchison, on Mount Oread, overlooking the city of Lawrence, Kansas, in May, 1856.

The following is one of President Lincoln's retaliatory orders:

GENERAL ORDERS.
No. 252.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.

July 31, 1863.

The government of the United States will give the same protection to all of its soldiers; and if their enemy shall sell or enslave any one because of his color, the offense shall be punished by retaliation upon the enemies' prisoners in our possession. It is therefore ordered that for every soldier of the United States killed in violation of the laws of war a rebel soldier shall be executed, and for every one enslaved by the enemy or sold into slavery a rebel soldier shall be placed at hard labor until the other shall be released and receive the treatment due to a prisoner of war.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Another notable retaliatory order was in the case of General W. H. F. Lee, son of General Robert E. Lee, who was captured June 23, 1863, by Col. Spear, 11th Penn. Cav. Two officers of the Union army had been captured by the enemy and sentenced to be executed as spies in Richmond. The case was presented to the President and he held that they had been unjustly condemned and requested their release. The Confederate government refused, whereupon he issued the following order:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 15, 1863.

Col. Ludlow, Agent for the Exchange of Prisoners of War:

The President directs that you immediately place General W. H. F. Lee and another officer selected by you not below the rank of Captain, prisoners of war, in close confinement and under strong guard, and that you notify Mr. R. Ould, Confederate Agent for Exchange of Prisoners of War, that if Capt. H. W. Sawyer, 1st N. J. Vols. Cav., and Capt. John M. Flinn, 51st Indiana Vols., or any other officers or men in the service of the United States, not guilty of crimes punishable with death by the laws of war, shall be executed by the enemy, the aforementioned prisoners will be immediately hung in retaliation. It is also directed that immediately on receiving official or other authentic information of the execution of Capt. Sawyer and Capt. Flinn, you will proceed to hang General Lee and the other rebel officer designated as hereinbefore directed, and that you notify Robt Ould, Esq., of such proceeding and assure him that the Government of the United States will proceed to retaliate for every similar barbarous violation of the laws of civilized war.

H. W. HALLECK,
General in Chief.

The sequel shows that neither of the two orders was executed and the unfortunate prisoners were all subsequently released. General Lee, after the war, was a member of Congress and continued in the public service during the remainder of his life.

Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas were also the scene of terrible tragedies. Early in 1861, the

pro-slavery men began their fiendish work there. They hung, shot, captured and drove from the country Union men, until there was not a Union man nor a Union family left at home from Batesville, Arkansas, to Rolla, Missouri, a distance of 200 miles. I will quote from a book entitled, "A History of Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas," by Col. Wm. Monks, who resides at West Plains, Howell Co., Mo. Howell Co. is in the middle of the southern tier of counties of the state. Col. Monks was born in the state of Alabama and moved with his father's family into Southern Missouri in 1844. Col. Monks was an uncompromising Union man and took the stump against secession in 1861. In the public meetings held at that time inflammatory speeches were made, and excitement ran high, men sat in the audiences with their guns in their hands or near them. He quotes from a characteristic speech of Judge Wm. Price, a noted Secessionist of Springfield, known as "Wild Bill" Price. Price told the audience that the lop-eared Dutch had reached Rolla and they were complete heathen. That Abraham Lincoln had given the state of Missouri to the Dutch, if they would send enough of their men into the state to conquer it, and that to his knowledge they had gone out into the country and taken men's wives and daughters and brought them into their camps and that he saw them, in the presence of their mothers, run bayonets through their infant children and hoist them up and carry them around on their bayonets; that Lincoln had offered a prize for all the preachers that were in favor of the South, and called upon all men in his audience to come forward and enlist to drive the lop-eared Dutch from the state. Nearly all the preachers went forward and placed their names on the list first.

General McBride was appointed to command all the Confederates in that region. He massed his forces at West Plains and sent out orders for every Union man to come into headquarters and take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate cause or be hung as high as Haman. Col. Monks refused to take the oath. He was arrested in the middle of the night while in bed and dragged out from his family, without the privilege of saying good bye to them, subjected to all manner of abuse. They threatened to hang him, even attempted to thrust a noose over his neck, which he resisted; sold him for a beef-cow to a gang of miserable devils who demanded of Capt. Forshee, commander of the guard, the privilege of shooting him. "Listen," they said, "Do you hear the fife and drum? That is Gen'l McBride's command coming to kill them lop-eared Dutch. Do you know what he is going to do with such men as you are? Those of you we don't hang in the first fight we get into with them lop-eared Dutch, we will make breast-works out of to keep bullets off of good men." Some of the men who were torturing him were his neighbors. The leader of the gang said to him, "You have just half a minute to say you will join the army and fight for the Confederacy or go to hell, just which you please." Monks replied, "When you kill me you wont kill all the Union men; you will meet plenty of them some day, and they won't be disarmed as I am now." The leader said, "None of your damned foolishness, we mean business."

Capt. Forshee and all of his command were neighbors of Monks, he knew them all. Monks finally escaped in a dark night during a heavy thunder storm. Working his way back to Springfield he reported to Gen'l Lyon, who was in command of the Union troops there and told him he wanted to enlist in the army.

Gen'l Lyon, after learning his history, told him he wanted him to command a company of scouts which he would organize for him, accordingly he was commissioned as Captain and placed in command of about thirty picked men. After the battle of Wilson's Creek, where Gen'l Lyon was killed, the scene in the vicinity was terrible to behold. That was a drawn battle. Both armies retreated. Gen'l Siegel, in command of the Union forces, retreated in one direction and Price in another. The people knew not what would be the result; men would ride around and tell their neighbors that all was lost and bid their families good bye. After Price learned that Siegel was not going to follow him, rallied his forces and all the rebel element, divided them into squads and sent them all throughout Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas with instructions to drive out every Union man in that country. From that time, "death to Union men" was the battle cry. An old man, 60 years of age, by the name of James was charged with grinding corn for Union men and their families. They arrested him and a man by the name of Brown, and another by the name of Russell and several others. They took James and Brown, procured a rope, hunted a long limb of a tree, rolled a big rock up to the first rope, one end of which was tied to the limb, and placed a noose around James' neck, stood him on the rock, then rolled the rock from under his feet and left him swinging in the air—rolled the rock to the next rope, stood Brown on it, placed the noose around his neck, rolled the rock out and left him swinging in the air, then rolled the rock to the third rope, stood Russell on the rock and just as they were about to put the noose around his neck, the cry came that the home guards were right upon them. They fled in great haste, leaving Russell stand-

ing on the rock, and James and Brown dangling in the air. Russell fled for his life. The next day the wives of James and Brown, with the help of a few other women, buried them. They dug graves underneath the swinging bodies, laid bed clothing in them and cut the ropes and the bodies fell in the coffinless graves and were covered with earth. Some of the men who were engaged in this barbarous deed are still living in Howell Co., not far from the place where this horrible scene was enacted. There was an old man by the name of Rhodes, 80 years of age, very feeble, whose hair was white as snow, who resided on the head of Bennett's Bayou, Howell Co. When he heard of the murder of James and Brown he said openly there was no civil war in that, and that the men who did it were guilty of murder. Some two weeks after the murder of James and Brown, Dr. Nunly and Wm. Sapp (the latter one of the devils who attempted to place a rope around Monk's neck when he was a prisoner), with a posse of about twenty-five men went to Rhodes' house, where he and his aged wife lived alone, called him out and told him they wanted him to go with them. His good wife came out, and being acquainted with some of the men in the party, said, "You are not going to hurt my old man." They said, "We just want him to go a piece over here," and ordered the old man to come along. They went about a quarter of a mile from his house. Then they informed him of what he had said about the men who hung James and Brown. Then they shot him, cut off his ears, cut out his heart. Dr. Nunly, the leader of the gang, remarked that he was going to take the heart home with him, pickle it, and keep it to show people how a black Republican's heart looked. They left his body on the ground and rode away. There were no men in

the neighborhood that Mrs. Rhodes could get to look after her husband; although quite feeble she started out in search of him. On the second day about fifty yards from the road, while she was looking for him, she heard hogs squealing and grunting as though they were eating something. She went to the place and found the hogs were just about to commence eating the remains of her husband. She drove them away and called some of the women of the neighborhood. They came and helped dress the body and bury him. Not a single rebel put in an appearance to help the women to bury either James, Brown or Rhodes. The perpetrators of these horrible deeds were never arrested or condemned either by civil or Confederate authorities, but as far as could be learned those fiendish acts were approved as the most effective means to strike terror to Union men and drive them out of the state. A few days following a gang of rebels arrested Benjamin Alsop, residing in the Hutton Valley, who was an uncompromising Union man. They took him to Little Rock, placed him in the penitentiary and kept him there until Little Rock fell into the hands of the Union troops, when he was exchanged. While they had him a prisoner they worked him in a bark mill by the side of an old mule with a strap around his breast and two leather hand holds. After these devils had hung, shot and captured and driven out all the Union men, they called a public meeting to consider what should be done with their families. A committee was appointed to go to each Union family and notify them to leave the country. They acknowledged that it was harsh treatment, but if they were allowed to remain their husbands would be coming back and making trouble; that their property really belonged to the Confederate government, but under the circumstances

they would be permitted to take enough to carry them inside the Union lines, where in all probability their husbands and sons were, and then they would take care of them. They would have a reasonable time to prepare for the journey. Then if they did not leave, they would be forced to do so. This produced the wildest excitement among the women and children. They did not know where their husbands and fathers were, even if alive. Little had they thought that while the rebels were chasing, hanging, shooting their men, that they too would become victims of rebel hatred and forced to leave house, home and property and go—they knew not where. So they prepared for the journey, taking such things as they most needed, with no men to assist them. They went forth, some to Kansas, some to Springfield and Rolla and other stations within Federal lines.

After they reached Federal lines the military commanders gave them all the assistance within their power, some were quartered in vacant houses, some in tents. They had to leave home with small amount of rations, and these were soon exhausted. There was suffering beyond all description in all their camps. The government could not feed and clothe them. They had little or no money. O! the misery, the grief no pen can describe. The husbands and sons of some were found, they had enlisted in the army, either as guides and scouts or in the state militia, and their duty called them away from their families, and all they could do was to send to them the small pittance of thirteen dollars a month, the purchasing power of which then was about equal to five dollars before the war. Contrast the condition of the loyal women of Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas with the loyal women in the northern states in 1861 and on through to the end of the war and

afterwards. The women of the North sacrificed much. They cheerfully gave their husbands and sons to the defense of the Union. They prepared materials and delicacies for the sick and wounded in hospitals, but they had their comfortable homes, plenty to eat and plenty to wear, kind friends to sympathize with them and to cheer them. There was no enemy lurking near to threaten to burn their houses or barns or destroy their property. Their husbands and sons were not brutally murdered by false friends and neighbors and left dangling in the air for them to bury in coffinless graves. The loyal women of the North sacrificed much, all honor to them. But in comparison, think of the sacrifices of the loyal women of the border.

All for their love of country and for their devotion to the old flag. The above scenes narrated by Col. Monks, and I have quoted only a few as specimens, were all enacted in 1861, two years before General Order No. 11 was issued. Where one disloyal family was expelled from home by the operation of that order, made necessary to protect the loyal citizens of the border against Quantrell's murderous raids, there were ten loyal families driven out from their homes in southern Missouri and northern Arkansas by a gang of cut throats, who were not only seeking the life of Union men, but the life of the nation itself. These loyal men and women were driven out, not because they had committed any crime, but because they refused to swear allegiance to a government founded upon the institution of slavery, and because they were loyal to the Stars and Stripes.

Col. Monks gives detailed accounts of the war and the cruelties of war in southern Missouri and northern Arkansas on through the years 1862, '63, '64 and '65.

In the fall of 1863, Col. Livingston, 1st Nebraska, was ordered to proceed with his command to Batesville, Arkansas, and establish a post there. Enroute he encountered bands of bushwhackers, detached bodies of rebel troops and observed that they were mostly dressed in Federal uniform. He issued a general order and sent it in every direction that all rebels or bushwhackers captured wearing the Federal uniform would be court-martialed and shot. On arrival at West Plains the advance of the command had captured three Confederates dressed in Federal uniform, one escaped, the other two were shot. Leaving West Plains, Col. Livingston proceeded on towards Batesville. Bushwhackers and detachments of rebel troops were encountered all along the route, and most of them were dressed in Federal uniform. They captured several prisoners who were dressed in Federal uniform when captured. They were court-martialed and shot. Col. Monks had the satisfaction of retaliating on some of the devils who maltreated him while in their hands a prisoner. In June, 1863, a detachment of about thirty men of an Iowa regiment were sent out on a scout; and as they were marching along they saw approaching them a body of about 250 men in Federal uniform. As they approached the army salute was passed and when the larger body was well along side the Union troops each man had his man covered with a gun. They were rebel troops all dressed in Federal uniform and ordered the detachment to surrender. The Federals saw that they were entrapped and surrendered. They were marched about a quarter of a mile, dismounted and ordered to strip. After they were all stripped completely naked, were told to put on the old clothes of which they had divested themselves. Thus at a given signal the devils

fired a deadly volley into them. Then followed one of the most desperate scenes ever witnessed by the eye of man. The prisoners saw their doom, and those who were not killed by the first volley rushed at the rebels, caught them, wrested their arms from them—a most desperate struggle took place, the prisoners fought like tigers until the last man was killed. Several of them had their throats cut with knives and were otherwise mutilated. Several citizens were present and reported the affair to the commander at Rolla. Col. Monks was sent with his scouts and wagons to take the dead bodies to Rolla for burial. He says it was the most horrible scene that imagination could conceive.

There was a man who lived about six miles below West Plains, a Union man, but who had never taken active part on either side; he was a blacksmith. About fifteen rebel scouts went to his house, called for their dinners. Some of them had their horses shod, after which they got their dinner. Then they told him they wanted him to go with them. His wife said to them, "It can't be possible that after you have been treated so kindly by him that you are going to take him prisoner? You will not hurt him, will you?" They made no reply, but mounted him on his horse and rode about half a mile, then shot him off his horse, took his horse and went on, leaving the dead man by the roadside. His wife found his body and, with the assistance of some neighboring women, brought him in and buried him. About two weeks after this a posse of rebels came to the house of a man named Bacon, who was a Union man, but never very active, arrested him, started west with him in the direction of South Fork, left the road a short distance and shot him dead. They rode on to a house and ordered dinner. The woman fried some bacon;

after they were seated she passed the bacon to them. Several of them spoke up in unison, "We don't care for bacon, we have had some, but disposed of it a short time before we reached your house." Mr. Bacon laid several days where he fell and when he was found the body was badly decomposed. A hole was dug near where he lay and his body buried. Is there any retribution for such men? A story is told of a Universalist minister who enlisted in the Union army as a Chaplain, and went to the front with his regiment. After an experience of six months in an active campaign he obtained a furlough and visited his home. He was invited to preach in his old church. In his introductory remarks he said, "You know when I was your pastor, I preached that there was no hell, but since I have been down among the rebels I have come to think, that if there is no hell, that one ought to be created as a military necessity." A wag in the audience shouted, "Bully for you, pastor, hire me to cart coal for you." Doubtless there were a good many Union people in Missouri and northern Arkansas who were driven from home in 1861, who would like the job of making it hot for those miserable devils.

J. M. Dixon, who resides in Moody, Izard Co., Arkansas, says the Union men in Izard, Fulton and Independence counties, many of them, were arrested and taken to the penitentiary at Little Rock. Those people were robbed and plundered as long as there was anything worth taking and after they had got all the Union people had, commenced arresting and hanging them. They arrested a young man and placed a halter around his neck to hang him. He broke away from them and ran a mile before they caught him. Then they hung him to a leaning tree. Dixon says a prominent member of the Baptist church scratched the dirt

from under his toes in order that he might hang clear of the ground. Mr. Dixon says he has seen the tree on which the young man was hung.

Another brutal murder Mr. Dixon speaks of was the case of Rube Hudson, a Union man, who had been driven from home and returned again in the winter of 1865. From exposure he took sick with pneumonia. The rebels heard that he was at home, they raided his house. His wife had secreted him under the floor; they turned everything in the house up-side down and then started to go away; Hudson had a spell of coughing, for he was very ill; hearing him they came back, tore up the floor, found him, dragged him out and took him about one hundred yards from the house; there he was beaten and hung up to compel him to tell whether other Union men had returned with him; finally they hung him and shot him to death. The family could hear him pleading for his life; he made a special appeal to one of his near neighbors, who was one of the gang, to intercede for him and save him. The only consolation he got was, "You are a goner, Rube; you are a goner, Rube." Having completed the job, they left him hanging and rode away. His family cut him down and buried him. He met his death for no other cause than that of being a staunch Union man. Another blood-curdling murder was perpetrated upon the person of Minor White because he was loyal to the old flag. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate government. He was taken to the county seat of Izard Co., tried on the charge of disloyalty to the stars and bars, and released. Before he started home, a friend told him not to go the road for the rebels would follow and killed him. He replied, "I have done nothing that would be a reason for me to shun the road and sneak

home through the woods. I am going to take the public highway, if I am killed." The mob that took him to the county seat followed him and overtook him about a mile away, shot him and otherwise mutilated his body and left his dead body hanging to a tree. Mr. Dixon says, "I could mention many things that were done to the Union men and women in northern Arkansas that make me shudder now to think of; and if I were to undertake to relate all that came under my own observation, and the many incidents that took place in the counties mentioned, that were related to me by others who are entitled to credit for honor and truth, it would fill a volume." There was not a Union family left at home at one time in the counties referred to.

Col. Monks says when the war was over he went to Rolla and got his family who were "refugees" and returned to West Plains. "But O! what a sight. There was not a single building of any kind left in the town and but few in the surrounding country. The rebels had burned them all. The scene was heart-rending." Union men and Confederates returning to places where once they had happy homes, to find only the ashes and the naked soil left. And their families, where were they? The house gone, the family gone, property gone. In many instances the wife and children returning to find that the husband and father had been murdered, in other cases, the husband and father had been driven out of the country by the rebels and had enlisted in Union army and been killed in battle. It is said that in May, 1866, there were but seventy-eight families living in Howell County.

Col. Monks says, with the courage of heroes, they went to work to rebuild houses and fences and gather the fragments of families, some members of which were

never found, and now West Plains has a population of 4,000. It is an educational town with colleges, high schools and churches, business houses all in a flourishing condition. I can appreciate Col. Monks' description of the desolate condition of the country in the region of West Plains. After the battle of Prairie Grove, I was left, with other disabled and wounded men in Fayetteville, Ark. Those who survived and had recovered sufficiently to be moved were organized into what was called a "sick train," to be taken north to Springfield, Mo., where our command had gone into winter quarters. Those who had two legs and were otherwise able had to march. Those with one leg and others unable to march rode in army wagons. The wagons were old, disabled and condemned; the mules and horses such as had been condemned for disability, as were the harness when the army fell back on Springfield. It was a sickly looking outfit; our escort was a detachment of Arkansas mounted militia, made up chiefly of Union men who had been driven from their homes by the rebels—under command of a captain. I "pressed into service" an "inspected and condemned" government horse, found an old headstall, and "borrowed" a comfort from a bed in an abandoned house in the village, which I used for a saddle by day and a bed by night.

Thus equipped I followed in the wake of the train. I had no rations and, being an officer, was not entitled to eat of the rations of the enlisted men, but I was desperate and joined with "the boys" in singing as we started on our long march, "Aren't you mighty glad to get out of the Wilderness, to get out of the Wilderness, down in Arkansas." After we had gone a few miles a mounted officer rode up and joined me. I was the only mounted man in "the column," beside the escort.

We rode along together for a while and I observed he watched me very intently; finally he said, "Were you in the battle of Prairie Grove?" I replied in the affirmative. He said, "Do you remember being on the battleground that night looking after some of your missing men?" I said, "Yes." "Do you remember halting at a wounded man, and at his request, giving him a drink of water from your canteen?" I replied, "I did." "And you ordered an ambulance driver against his protest to turn around and take the wounded man to your camp." "I did." "Well, I am that officer and you saved my life. I received a gun-shot wound in my right arm, severing the main artery; the ball carried some of the cloth into the wound and with the shock stopped the flow of blood. I lay on the ground for several hours where you found me. The surgeon said, when he dressed my wound, that if my wound had not been treated when it was the wound would have opened afresh, and I would have bled to death." He was a Lieutenant in an Iowa regiment.

Our route was over the Old Overland Stage Line, which was through a quite thickly settled country before the war; but now we rode for hours, not seeing a house or barn or fence—all burned down, the stone chimneys standing as if silent sentinels guarding the ashes of what was once the home of happiness.

As night began to approach, my comrade and I began to think of what we would have for rations and where we could get them. Presently I observed a road branching off from ours, leading up a ravine. I suggested to my comrade that we take that road for a while and might find a house. We rode up the ravine about a mile, when we heard a dog bark at a little distance from the road. It was getting dark. We rode in

that direction and soon came to a log house. I dismounted and rapped at the door. A woman came. I asked if we could "get to stay all night." She said: "I might as well say yes, for I suppose you will stay anyhow." Fortunately there was a log barn near in which we sheltered our horses and gave them some corn stalks for rations. We went into the house, where a rousing fire was blazing in the big fireplace. After warming ourselves, I asked our hostess if I might have some hot water with which to make some coffee. I had, as most of my men had, a small sack of coffee, tied and suspended from pants button, never to be used only in cases of emergency. This was an emergency.

She soon had some boiling water for me and, getting my tin cup, proceeded to make some coffee. The aroma of the coffee appealed to her and she came up close to me and said in low tones: "Mr., if you will give me a cup of that coffee I will get you a supper of corn dogger and bacon." That would be equivalent to saying up in God's county "beefsteak and coffee." Of course I said yes. She got us a good meal, which we enjoyed immensely. It was worth an all-day's ride in the cold storm, just to see the good woman sip that coffee and smack her lips as she said, "I have not had a drink of coffee since the war." We slept on the floor in front of the roaring fireplace. In the morning I asked to repeat the compliment. She had another drink of coffee and we a good breakfast. We bade our hostess good bye and went for our horses.

We pushed on and joined the "Sick Column" near a place called Cross Hollows. There the column was halted. The escort had come upon the dead body of a Union soldier, who was carrying the mail from Springfield to Fayetteville. He had been shot by bush-

whackers during the night. This so enraged the escort that the Captain rode out to a little hamlet, consisting of about eight or ten houses, and about half a mile away, and ordered all the women and children out of the houses, together with such of their household effects as they cared to save, and then set fire to every house. The unfortunate women and children were gathered in little groups on the snow-covered ground, watching the destruction of their homes. Such is war! This was retaliation, for these homes sheltered and fed the bushwhackers who killed the Union soldier.

It was early in the morning and it had snowed during the previous night, the ground being white. I sat on my horse and saw the Captain and his men set fire to every house there. The women and children standing around in the snow—some of them bare footed and all of them scantily clad. The Captain said to the women: "I reckon you won't harbor any more bushwhackers here."

As I sat on my horse and watched the houses go up in smoke and the poor unfortunate women and children shivering in the morning cold, I said this is cruelty and you can not refine it. Our train moved on over the desolate road and for miles and miles not a house nor barn nor fence to be seen—all destroyed. Our men had camped on the site of Elk Horn tavern, which was a noted hostelry on the stage route before the war, but now nothing but the ashes remained. It was in the vicinity of the battleground of Pea Ridge. Our men that night burned in their camp fire the last board left of the immense stables connected with the tavern. No pen can describe the desolate country.

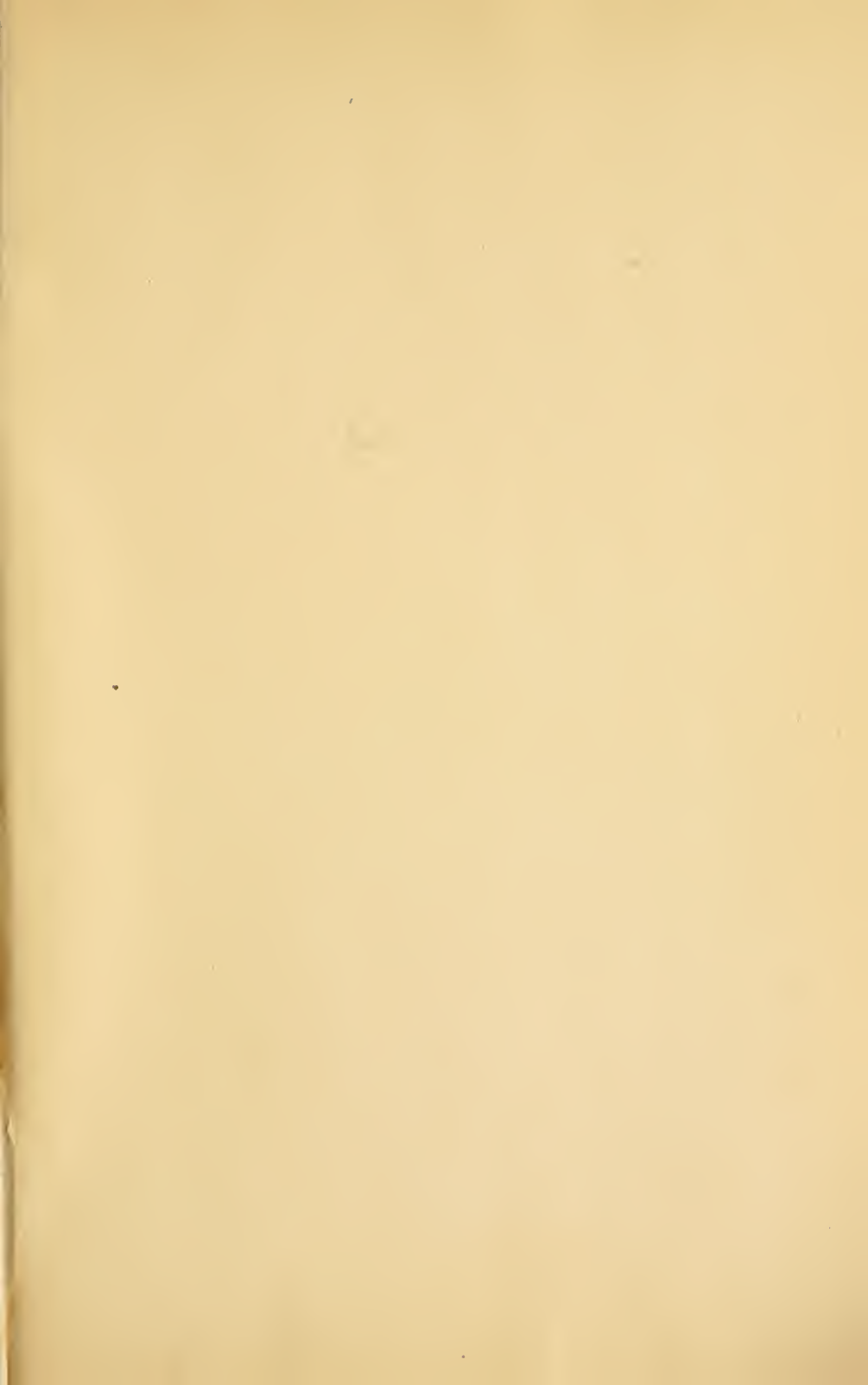
In conclusion, permit me to remark that the history of the War of the Rebellion is embodied in the

lives of those who were engaged in it. I have the honor, on this occasion, of addressing a representative body of men who had a large share in making the history of that most critical period in our nation's life, and I apprehend that much of that history will never be written in books, but will be buried with them—and the world will be so much the poorer.

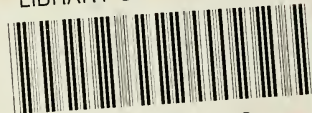
“Men's lives are chains of chances and history
their sum.”

Paraphrasing the words of the immortal Lincoln, I would say: “Fondly let us hope, fervently let us pray, that the mighty scourge of war may have forever passed away,” and in closing, join with Whittier in the desire that the time may speedily come—

“When North and South shall strive no more,
And all their feuds and fears be lost,
In Freedom's holy Penticost.”



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